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Bill Boyd

WESTERN

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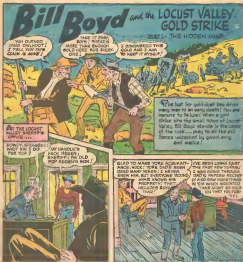


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Every effort is made to insure that these weekly magazines maintain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

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WINDY WHOPPER

THE OLD LAUGH



BILL BOYD WESTERN









A FRIEND IN NEED

By R. H. Spence

LARRY Penney rode into Devil's Park with his shoulders back, his head held high. The broad-shouldered, milk-white hat marked him a mile away and was, as his friends had said, an inviting target. Larry rode up the main street, between the plank sidewalks, fully expecting to be shot.

He could have come into town quietly by the back road. He could have worn a disguise. He could, at least, have made himself less conspicuous by not wearing the big white hat which had become the trade mark of Larry Penney, U. S. Marshal. He had thought of these things, and his friends had urged him to use them.

"It's a trap!" they said. "As soon as you hit Devil's Park, Butch Gaiser will put a bullet in your back!"

"Maybe so," Larry had agreed.

"Then why sign your own death warrant?"

Larry had replied with his soft drawl. "When an honest lawman has to go creeping and crawling like a snake on account of a so-good outlaw, it's time he turned in his badge." Larry looked at that badge now as he rode up the main street. He gave it a quick glance with his sleeve. It sparkled in the bright sunlight.

His horse was moving slowly, but his thoughts raced. He had been on the prowl for Butch Gaiser far longer than a month—Butch, despotic leader of a wild bunch, whose crimes ranged from murder to robbery. In the mail, Larry had received an anonymous tip that Butch was hiding out in Devil's Park—a lawless frontier town, whose gambling halls certainly outnumbered its churches.

Larry believed the tip had come from Butch himself. Butch had his own way of spelling words, a way that disagreed violently with the dictionary. And this was not the first such tip. Larry had received three others, in the same hand. Each time he had ridden with a small array of deputies, and each one had proved a wild goose chase. There had been no sign of Butch Gaiser at the appointed place.

The marshal got the idea. Butch would show himself only if Larry went alone. Although it wasn't expected that Butch wanted a man-to-man battle. More likely, Butch and his henchmen would outnumber the lawman, ten-to-one. Besides, had learned to have a healthy respect for Larry's keen eye and lightning draw.

"He's here, all right," thought Larry, as he moved slowly along the main street. "That's what makes the town so dead." A sepulchral calm hung over the main street, the calm before the storm. Not a creature was stirring. Chairs on the porch of the Hotel Grande, usually occupied by waiters, were empty. Not a single horse stood at the hitch racks. The usual ringing sound of hammer and anvil from the blacksmith shop was missing.

In a second-story front room of the hotel, Butch Gaiser loomed near a window. Beside him was his right-hand man, Red Mack. The window was open two inches from the bottom, with the shade drawn low. Butch was moving his rifle into position.

"I told you I'd get that tinster here sooner or later," gloated Butch.

"Sure," said Mack. "Like shooting a crippled anyone in a steel trap."

"What do you mean?" growled Butch, sighting down the barrel.

"I mean you've got to admit that hunkers has guts, riding smack bang into the town that way."

Butch grunted.

"More guts than you've got," chastised Red.

Butch flared. He thrust the gun butt swiftly striking Red Mack in the neck. The surprise blow sent his henchman reeling across the room. "That'll teach you to start me!" Butch growled, once more focusing his attention on the white-headed figure in the street below. He drew a hand on the back of Larry Penney's head. He squeezed the trigger, the rifle "cracked."

But instantaneous with the crack of the rifle there was another sharp report, the sound

of a furious fist crashing against a stabbled jaw. "Nobody can knock me around, not even you!" roared the redhead.

On the street below, Larry heard the shot and dashed as the slug whined past his left ear and split into the board sidewalk beyond. The mannel slid off his horse, dived behind a water trough, and whipped a .45 slug through the aperture from window of the Hood Guards. The crash of glass mingled with shouted oaths and falling legs. In another second, Larry saw a redheaded man crash through the window and land heavily on the street below. He lay there helply.

A hand and pistol pointed out of the window and aimed downward at the helpless man. A voice cried, "Cross me, will you? I'll show you what happens to any cypins who cross me!"

"No mistaking that voice," thought Larry. "It's Dutch Gelsner for sure."

The lawman's .45 slipped upward again, his finger squeezed. A yelp of pain came from the window, the pistol fell, and the hand was hastily withdrawn.

Red Mack opened his eyes, blinked, and yelled, "Lawman! Look out behind!" Larry whirled his head to see a slug-gun barrel glinting in a partly opened doorway behind him, to the left. Two guns spoke, not quite together. Larry's was first. A howl of "Ouch, my hand!" came from the doorway.

Larry rolled away from the water trough and plunged through that door. He found a man with a bleeding right hand, attempting to pull a second gun with his left hand. Larry's quick move had surprised him, and his quick fist surprised him even more. One punch and the man went down knocked out.

Larry looked around quickly. He was in a narrow hallway. There were no other exits there, but he knew there soon would be. He could hear the nervous voice of Dutch bellowing, "Go get him, you blasted sidewinder! He's in the hallway!"

There was a transom above the door. Larry grabbed the low frame, pulled himself up and braced his feet against the wall. He along there while a barrage of bullets crashed

through the door below him. He heard a voice, "He must be dead. Nobody could live through that storm of lead." Larry took off his white hat and nailed it down, so that it lay almost on the head of the outlaw he had knocked out.

The door was kicked open. "There he is!" somebody yelled. "No mistaking that white hat!" Larry saw a finger pointed at the fallen outlaw. Four men rushed through the door. Larry leaped on the last one and felled him with one blow. The other three turned. The fight began!

The quarters were so close they dared not risk shooting for fear of hitting each other. This is what Larry had counted on. He waited in with fists flying. He still had a slight advantage! The men were still surprised. He took punches that would have knocked an ordinary man, but he kept working in. "Crack!"—a knockout. "Wham!"—another man sagged. "Pow!"—Larry had won the battle—as far.

Bruised and bleeding, he staggered to the door. What he wanted most was to rest, but he still had big business ahead. He must capture Dutch Gelsner. He blinked. His eyes had to get used to the sunlight, after the darkened hallway. Then he saw it! Dutch, across the street, bending over the fallen figure of Red Mack! Dutch, with a hunting knife raised, ready to stab it down into the helpless Redhead's heart.

ONCE again the lawman's .45 flashed and jerked. The knife fled from Dutch's hand and smashed against the wall. Driving his aching legs forward, Larry plunged across the street. His big fist strong as it belted Dutch's evil face. Dutch fell, sprawling across Red Mack.

Mack looked up. "I never thought I'd be thinking a lawman for anything," he grinned. "But thanks!"

"No thanks necessary," panted Larry. "I couldn't stand by and see anybody murdered in cold blood."

"My sentiments, too," grinned the redhead.

It was not until much later, at the trial and testimony, that Larry Penney understood what Red Mack meant.

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CLOSE
FRIENDS!



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THAT'S
DEATH STALKS
THE TRAIL

ISN'T THE ONLY
DANGER IN
THESE WILD
PARTS, AND A WISE
TO KNOW WE'RE UP TO
--- BUT IT AIN'T
GONNA DO
US ANY
GOOD, LET'S
GO!

LOCOMOTIVE
IS TONER--

NO MORE BORN THE
RANGE FOR ME, WITH
AN SHARE OF THE GOLD
MINES, I RECKON IT'S
TIME FOR ME TO
RETIRE.

FOR
GOD'S
SAKE
DON'T
BE
RICH!

WELL, SAY WE ALL
WON UP AND WERE A
JOCKEY AT OUR PROPERTY.
I AIN'T EVER OWNED
A GOLD MINE BEFORE, I'D
LIKE TO SEE HOW THEY
TAKE OUT THE GOLD!

THESE A
GOOD IDEA, RECKON
IT WON'T
DO ANY HARM TO
HONEY CREEK AND
TRAIL A BARDON!



JUSTICE IT'S BE A LITTLE SHAMING OF
HE ASKED ROCK REASON TO SHOW
US AROUND. HE KNOWS THE PLACE
BETTER THAN WE DO.

[illegible]

IT'S A
BIG
BIG
BIG
BIG
BIG
BIG
BIG



know it is a pretty
hard fact that
all good people
and the good in
every man and
woman is in it.

"MORE OF US NEED
 POP THERAPY, BUT
 THE MUSIC JUST
 IS MY HEART."
 FOR HIM,



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STAY THE HELL OUT! LET'S GO IN AND TELL
THEY ARE HERE! YOU'VE GOT TO GO IN AND LOOK AT THEM!
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'D SAY THAT!



1998-1999
 1999-2000
 2000-2001
 2001-2002



1. **Author:** [Name]
 2. **Title:** [Title]
 3. **Journal:** [Journal]
 4. **Volume:** [Volume]
 5. **Issue:** [Issue]
 6. **Page:** [Page]

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS. LET'S GO SEE BOYS AT THE CHERRY'S CIRCLE.



YOUNG, MARJORIE ANN
CAREY, TRILLI ANN
WRIGHT, J. CARRIE
JUN.

BUT WHEN THE DRUGS
TOOK OFF, HE WAS



THE U.S. AIR FORCE
WAS FIRST TO USE IT

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AND IT'S MY OPINION THAT THE BRIGADE OF THE BOLD IS MORE OTHER THAN ALL BOYS HIMSELF!



WE DON'T NEED ANY MORE TO GO AFTER THEM CHILDREN! WE'VE TAKEN CARE OF THE JOB-DOERS!

ABOUT THE SIX SACKS OF GOLD-WE'VE LEFT NO MORE OF IT TO ROBBER BARONS AND HAVE A LOOK AROUND!



I'VE HAD A SACK OF MONEY I'VE HAD TO LEAVE IT!

THAT'S TOO GOOD FOR THOSE THINGS REPORTED!



SUBMITTING HAND HAS SUCCEEDED TO BILL BOYD?

THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO TO HELP THAT HAND TRICK FROM CRIMINALS HERE!



SAY! THE CHIEF OF THE SACKS IS TOO SMALL FOR US TO LOOK TO EACH MAN IN SAVED!



AND IF YOU'RE NOT SURE, YOU'LL FIND THAT I CAN GET OUT OF HERE WITHOUT TOO MUCH TROUBLE!



THOSE SACKS ARE NOT FOR US TO TAKE!



THOSE CROWDS AREN'T WITH US! WITH EACH OTHER, I'M SURE YOU'LL GET THE SACKS THAT YOU'VE TAKEN IN WITHOUT WITHOUT FOR THEIR OTHER PARTNER TO SHOW UP!

BILL BOYD WESTERN







I DON'T THINK THEY
ARE GOING TO GET ME!



IF I COULD GO
THROUGH THE
ROCKS--



--I'LL CLIMB FROM
THE TREE OVER
TO THEM!



SURELY HE IS FOR A CLIMBER
WHEN I WAS IN ON THEM FROM
UP HERE! THEY THINK I'M LEFT!



JUST
JUST
THEN--

HUM--

SWISH!



Go!
HURRY D. SOME
ON!

THUD



I HAD HAD COME OUT OF NOWHERE TO MEET BILL
BOYD IN THE ACT OF CAPTURING A PAIR OF DANGEROUS
ALL-STAR VANDER HOUNDS! CONTROL THE ROPE! WHAT
SERIOUS FACTS ABOUT BILL BOYD? READ ON FOR
CHAPTER 11 OF THE LATEST "VALLEY GOLD" SPECIAL!

WHITEY WHISKERS "KID STUFF"



HONEY, WHITEY WHISKERS,
I'M GLAD YOU PASSED BY!
WOULD YOU WATCH MY BABY
THIS AFTERNOON WHILE
I GO VISIT MY SISTER?
I'LL GIVE YOU FIFTY CENTS
AND A GOOD MEAL
IF YOU WILL!



FIFTY CENTS AND A
GOOD MEAL, JUST TEN
MINUTES A DAY! NOW
HERE'S THE HARD OF
WORK I LOVE—
NOTHING TO DO BUT
SIT AROUND!



HERE A DEAL,
MAMA WHITEY!
I'LL DO IT!

GOOD! THE BABY
NEEDS SOME OF
THOSE MILK BREADS,
JUST GIVE IT TO HIM!
I'LL BE BACK
LATER!



THAT'S THE KID!
HE'S SOUND ASLEEP
ALL RIGHT AND FROM
THE LOOKS OF IT
HE'LL SLEEP ALL
AFTERNOON!



IN THAT CASE, THANKS
LO, MAMA! JUST I
WOULDN'T TAKE A NAP
TODAY! AND WHAT A
JOB! AND YOU THINK
I'M SLEEPING! AND
FOR THAT! NOT MAMA!



FIVE DOLLARS IN
THE BERRIES—MAY?
GARDEN, GRACE,
THE KID WOULD UP!



JEESERS! YOU WOULDN'T
OPE, A TINY THING LIKE
THAT COULD LEAVE SO
MUCH WORK! HE'S
WORKING LIKE A
HARDED MAN, COULDN'T
HE BETTER GET HIS
MILK PROTEIN!









I GOT THE
OLD CONDEMNED
WALKER HERE!

WALKER'S THE MESSAGE
OF THIS? IN THE NAME
OF THE LAW, I ARREST
YOU REBELS AND ALL!

IT'S BOYD!
OLD TOM
CAUGHT HIM!



LOOK WHO'S TALKING 'BOUT
THE LAW! NO CREDIT HERE!
TELL US WHAT TO DO!

CHEAT?
WHAT'RE YOU
SINGING AT?







THE DIRTY LING SAGE SAID:

THEY PROMISED
REWARD FOR THE
HIDE-OUT WHILE I
WAS WAITING FOR
THEY HUNG. THEY
PROMISED THEY'D
LEAVE ME HOLDING
THE BAG.

JUST TELL ME
WHERE THE
HIDE-OUT IS.
I'LL TAKE CARE
OF THE REST.

IT'S TEN MILES
OUTTA TOWN, RIGHT
NEAR THE HOLLOW
TRAIL, GEORGE-
POSS ROAD.

WOWEN, YOU
TAKE CARE
OF HIM I'LL
WEND FOR
HOLLOW TRAIL.

WE'VE GOT TEN MILES TO
TRAVEL, MONTY AND I'M DEAD.
THEY'RE NOT GOING TO TRAP
IN THAT
HIDE-OUT.
YOU LONGER
THINK IT
TAKES 'EM
DOWN UP
THE LOOT.



WE'LL TAKE
THE HORSE
OUT.



BACK BOY! FASTER
DOES IT!





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Labels: In the health-care field, it is not uncommon to find a person with a diagnosis of "bipolar disorder" who is actually experiencing a manic episode of a mood disorder. This is why it is important to have a thorough evaluation of the patient's symptoms and history. A person with a manic episode may have a history of depression, but the current episode is manic. It is important to have a thorough evaluation of the patient's symptoms and history.



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